

**in the age of icons**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31395182) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31395182>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Dream SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Eret &amp; Foolish</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Foolish_Gamers</a> , <a href="#">Eret (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Friendship</a> , <a href="#">immortal Foolish_Gamers</a> , <a href="#">Immortal Eret (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Multiple Pronouns for Eret (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Banter</a> , <a href="#">world building</a> , <a href="#">One Shot</a> , <a href="#">Platonic Relationships</a> , <a href="#">Not RPF</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of <a href="#">how did we get here?</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-19 Words: 1,910 Chapters: 1/1

# in the age of icons

by [orphan\\_account](#)

## Summary

She should forget it.

He could not. Not even after weeks of doing this and that, traveling the world.

So, he went to the one person who knew him better than he knew himself.

## Notes

if you have not read the first work in this series, this fic will not make any sense to you, specifically up to at least chapter 22/23 of If history is dead and gone.

With that being said, this is set after that, generally around the same time chapter 25/26 is happening.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

In the last several hundred years, they had not concerned themselves with mortals.

They were not apathetic, or cruel, unlike some beings or gods, who played with their lives and minds on whims, for pure entertainment. No, they actually found mortals fascinating. So hardworking, so brilliant, yet so short-lived. It was as if the ants developed a spark that seemed to burn so brightly it drew even the human's eye for a time. They just chose to remain slightly aloof. Slightly above them.

They just simply had little time for things such as human gender or petty fights, when their own life stretched out far beyond any mortals in all directions. It was hard to care when one knew that any mortal they interacted with would simply burn out like the embers of a candle while they yet lived on.

Some called her a god. Some called him a devil. Some called them creation itself.

They did not know exactly what they were. They had long forgotten and it was of little consequence if they ever remembered. They had... some semblance of power, though they often did not depend upon it too much, beyond immortality, and the magic that made their life easier. They were not a god of a specific domain or a deity that sprung forth from worship and belief.

They simply were. They had had many names, over many thousands of years. Eret was never one of them.

So why had this mortal child, who looked at them with such intensity- something like fear, hope, and anger- and called them Eret so confidently that for a moment they almost found themselves believing him.

Yet, they were sure that they did not know that mortal.

She should forget it.

He could not. Not even after weeks of doing this and that, traveling the world.

So, he went to the one person who knew him better than he knew himself.

"Hello, old friend," she called, as he finally made his way up to the towering build, where a figure worked so high up they were hardly even a speck. It did not matter that they spoke only slightly louder than their normal voice. He would hear them.

They took a seat on a stack of stone blocks- simple andesite if they weren't mistaken- and waited.

A few moments later, Foolish landed with a splash of his water bucket, his dark hair glinting against his gold-tinted skin, and his sparkling emerald eyes. The move was unnecessary for the totem god, but he had spent enough time with humans that it was a habit. "Hey pal!" he called, with a cheerfulness that was so infectious, they could not help but smile, despite the uncertainty that swam heavily in their chest. "What should I call you today?"

“That’s part of the problem.” They admitted, inclining their head. “Anything will do for the moment, though.”

“Alright, *Anything* .” Foolish teased as he made his way to where they were sitting, and took a seat beside them. “I hope you didn’t come to me for naming help.”

“Oh, no certainly not!” she exclaimed, letting out a low chuckle. “The last time I let you name me, I had to go by Jammie for three years!”

“Hey! That was a good name!” Foolish defended, despite the fact that it was certainly not a good name, and they had never let him live that instance down. “You’re just picky, old friend.”

“I am not.” She said, crossing her arms. “I simply have taste.”

“Picky, tasteful, same difference.” Foolish said with a grin. “So, what seems too be the problem today. You look *moody*. No pen..pensive? Pensive is a word, right?”

They chuckled “Yes, that’s a word, And I suppose I am. I met a very strange mortal the other day.”

“I thought you didn’t like dealing with the oh so lowly mortals.” Foolish said, elbowing their side. “Even I spend more time with them than you do, and *I* mostly just build.”

They spared a glance at the gorgeous structure towering over the two of the, made out of quartz and snorted “Oh, I know,”

“Hey! I’m a good builder!” Foolish protested. Crossing his arms. “If you’re going to treat me like this, see if I ever help you build anything ever again.”

“I didn’t think you were the god of Drama, Foolish.” they retorted “And I never said that you were a bad builder. You’re putting words in my mouth and being entirely unhelpful. I came here to assistance, not to talk about your fragile ego.”

“My ego,” Foolish said “Is not fragile. *You’re* just mean.”

They threw their hands up. “Useless. You’re useless. I’m going to leave now, I’m going to leave you if you won’t help me-”

“No, no.” Foolish said, between peals of laughter “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. What did you need from me, old friend.”

“Well, as I was trying to say, earlier.” He said, with no real heat to his tone. “I met a mortal that was.. Interesting. I can’t quite get him out of my head.”

“Really?” Foolish asked, now serious. “What did he do to capture your interest?”

“I don’t know.” They said, frustration leaking into their tone. “He, quite literally, just ran into me. Knocked him flat on his ass. I offered to help them up, but when he looked at me he practically froze. It... it was like he knew me.”

“Well *did* he know you?” Foolish asked and they rolled their eyes.

“Obviously not,” They said, “at least as far as I can remember. And it was a child. Couldn’t have been more fifteen. He thought he knew me, and when I assured him that he did not, he claimed I looked like an old friend of his.”

“You don’t believe him.” Foolish wasn’t asking, rather than staging.

They tilted their head in acknowledgement. “No. I showed him my eyes, just to mess with him. You know that’s always a fun bit. And while he flinched he... didn’t seem surprised. He wasn’t exactly scared. He just looked a bit angry and... sad if anything. He knew what was behind the glasses.”

“Oh come on I think you might be reading too much into this. Your eyes are a little freaky, but blind people exist you know. I’ve seen mortal hybrids that look weirder than you. My own immortal form literally looks like a totem.” Foolish reached out, as if to ruffle their hair and they batted his arm away. He grinned. “Just because your party trick didn’t freak him out, doesn’t mean that he knows you.”

“I don’t know.” She said, frowning. “And there was something about his aura. He is mortal, certainly, but he just felt... off. Like someone who’d used a totem, but the feeling... stronger, somehow. It was different. I can’t quite explain it.”

Foolish’s smile fell away. “Are you being serious right now?” he asked, emerald eyes narrowed slightly. “Do you think they are cheating death somehow?”

Death was no longer Foolish’s domain, but that had not been true for very long, especially considering how long that had been what Foolish ruled over. He was life god now. Someone cheating death would certainly still be under his domain.

“I don’t knowHe just looked like a kid and didn’t seem to have any ill intent, but I just... something was different about him, Foolish. I don’t know what.” They said finally. “It’s bothering me. And it bothers me that a mortal is so...”

“Interesting? That you are actually interested in humanity for once?” Foolish prodded, a smug grin on his face. “C’mon it isn’t a bad thing! I mean, the kid could be bad news if they’re playing with life and death, but you interacting with mortals is good!”

“I interact with mortals!” She defended “I’ve joined servers before. I’ve made friends.”

“Yeah, and when was the last time you did that? Seven hundred years ago?”

“Shut up.” they snapped “You know why I haven’t done that lately.”

Foolish’s face softened. “I know. And I’m glad that we’ve gotten to spend so much time together, old friend, but c’mon. It’s time to get back out into the land of humans! Maybe this kid can start that!”

“I think you just want to investigate whatever’s going on with his soul.” They countered. “And I want to drag me along.”

“I can’t believe my oldest and dearest friend would accuse me of such things. “ Foolish said, putting a hand over where his heart would be. “I’m trying to help you.”

They considered it. The child had a strange aura. Something was interesting about him, beyond the way he seemed to know them. Perhaps it had been the strange shift into the universe. It had been minor, but they’d felt it months ago. Nothing much had happened since, and they’d dismissed it, but... even if that was not it. Perhaps Foolish was right. Maybe it was time to rejoin the mortal world for a little bit.

“Alright, alright.” He relented finally “Fine. We’ll go have an adventure. Maybe find the kid and make sure he isn’t bringing about armageddon or something.”

Foolish lit up “Great! I wasn’t really digging this build anyway, so I’ll just leave it. Maybe some humans will find it in a few hundred years and think it’s an abandoned temple or something. Oh! And before we go find this kid I really wanted to go look for some totems. I know that they aren’t that hard to find but.. ”

They tuned out Foolish as he prattled on about all the things that they were going to do while looking for the kid, and they allowed a fond smile. Their trips never quite went to plan, and the details hardly mattered. The last time they went looking for things, they came across a witch cult and destroyed it. It had been nearly a hundred years since then, but those were fun days.

As she watched Foolish talk animatedly, her mind drifted back to the conversation with the kid.

Eret. He had called them Eret.

Though perhaps there was someone else out there that had that name, they.. liked it. It settled on their shoulders well and did not constrain them. They had not had a name for some time.

Yes, Eret would do nicely for now.

Foolish had already wandered off, muttering to himself, as he sorted through his trunks, throwing materials left and right as he searched for... eret knows what among them.

“Eret!” They called, still perched on the stone blocks.

Foolish raised up so quickly he slammed his head into the top of the trunk. “Oh-What?” he called back, rubbing the top of his head. They laughed, tilting their head back to the clear blue sky. .

“You asked me what you should call me. Call me Eret!” They responded, grinning. .

Foolish’s confusion melted into a grin, emerald eyes lighting up, quite literally, with joy. “That’s a swell name, Eret. I like it. E-r-e-t. *Ereerret* . Eret! Er-”

“Don’t wear it out yet!” Eret admonished “I just chose it!”

“What? It’s fun to say! Eret, *Ereettt*- wait no, I’m sorry, not the hair! Not the hair!”

Eret just laughed as they practically tackled Foolish, hand outstretched for the other god's hair, as he desperately tried to prevent them from getting to it. Whatever happened, foolish would be by their side and despite strange children and unusual names, that would be enough.

## End Notes

- 1) Hope you guys like this! I really like writing this duo, especially Foolish.
- 2) This is platonic. They are just immortal besties and you know what good for them you can read it as such, but I just don't feel comfortable writing much shipping content tbh.
- 3) uh yeah it's kinda short and doesn't really work in the style/focus of the main fic, so I gave it its own little spin off, yay! This plot line will connect in in the main series I just wanted to give you some eternal duo content.
- 4) I love you guys! Be kind, hydrate, and get some rest. See you in the next update of the main fic!

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